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A Fawcett Publication

ROCKY LANE

Featuring His Stallion BLACK JACK

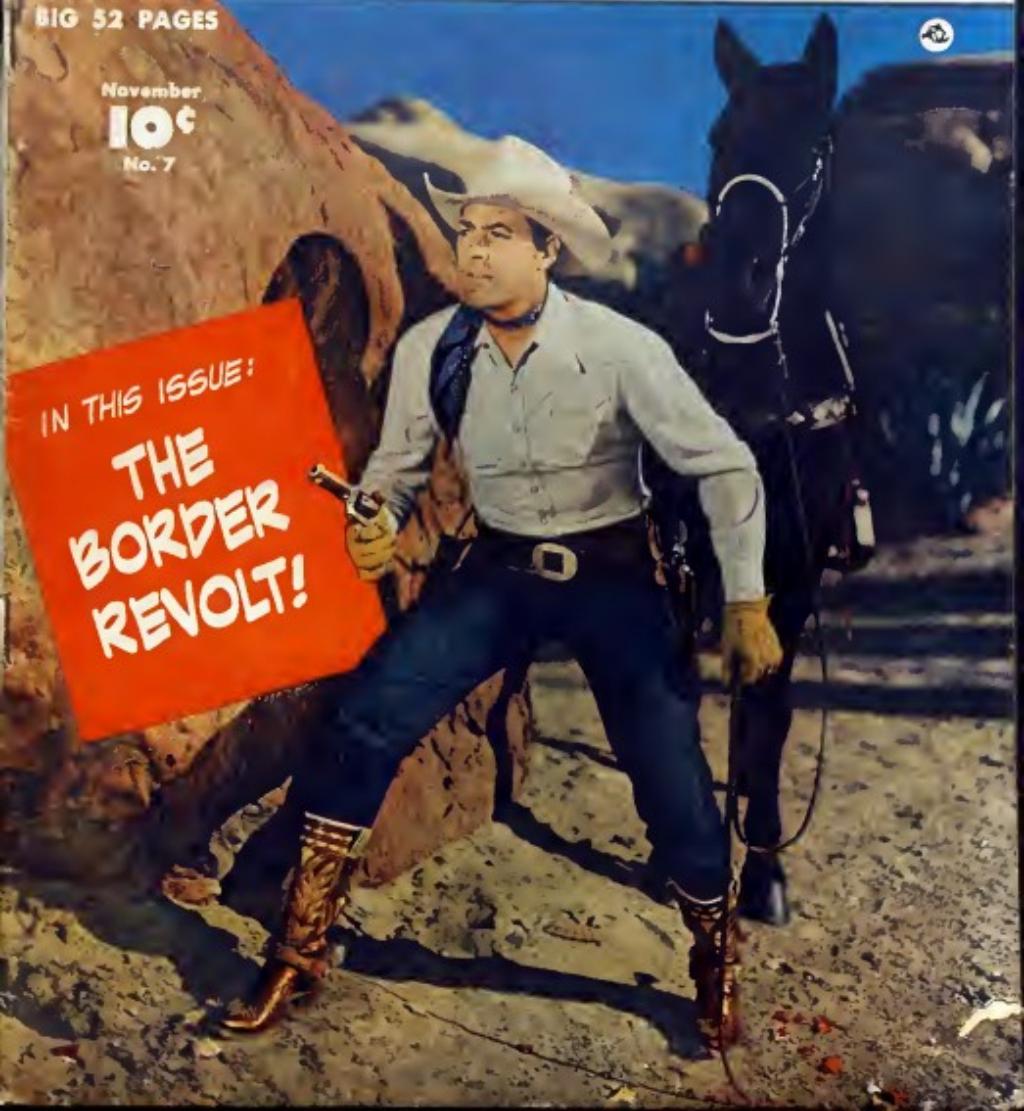
WESTERN

BIG 52 PAGES

November
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No. 7

IN THIS ISSUE:

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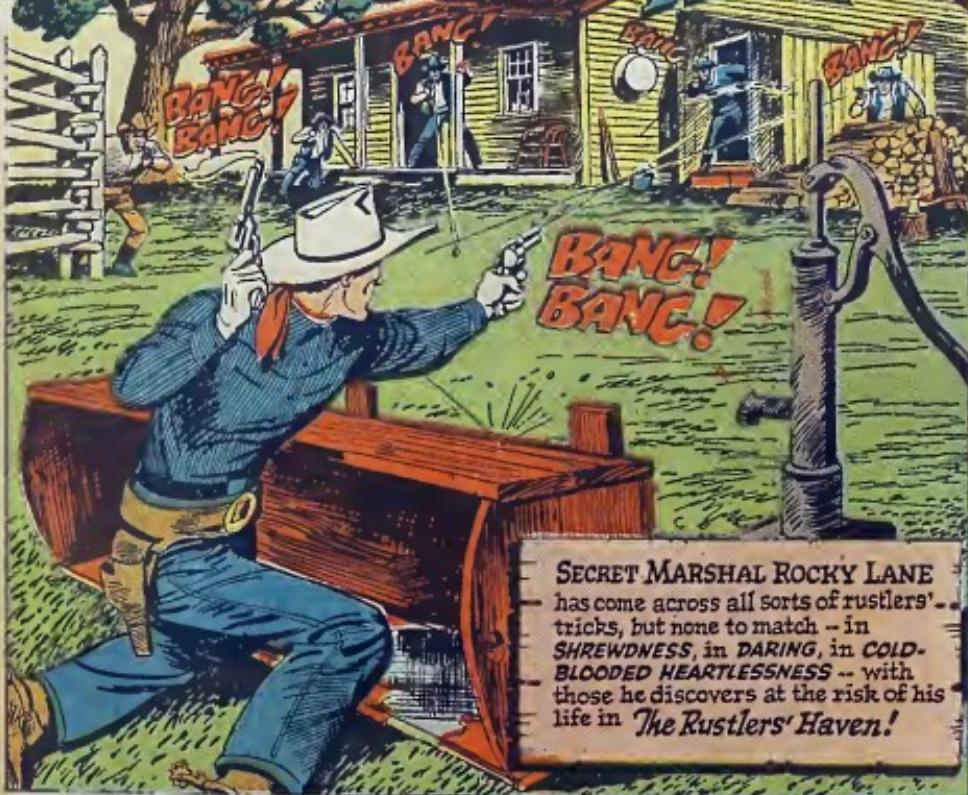
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OZZIE AND BABS * THE MARVEL FAMILY * TOM MIX WESTERN * MONTE HALE WESTERN * HOPALONG CASSIDY
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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines
contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr. President

REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

Rocky Lane and The Rustlers' Haven



SECRET MARSHAL ROCKY LANE
has come across all sorts of rustlers'--
tricks, but none to match -- in
SHREWDNESS, in *DARING*, in *COLD-*
BLOODED HEARTLESSNESS -- with
those he discovers at the risk of his
life in *The Rustlers' Haven!*

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ROCKY LANE WESTERN

One early dawn on the western plains ...

I'VE BEEN WONDERING WHAT THE CHIEF MARSHAL WANTS TO SEE US ABOUT, BLACK JACK! WELL, WE'LL SOON REACH LAREDO CITY AND FIND OUT!

WHOA, BLACK JACK! THERE'S SOMEONE BEHIND THAT CACTUS!

IT'S A MAN...AND HE'S BEEN SHOT THROUGH THE HEAD! I RECKON I'D BETTER SEARCH HIS CLOTHES TO SEE IF HE HAS ANY IDENTIFICATION ON HIM!

Shortly after, in Laredo City ...

ROCKY LANE! I'M SURE GLAD YOU WASTED NO TIME GETTING HERE! I'VE GOT TWO UNSOLVED MURDERS FOR YOU TO INVESTIGATE!

YOU MEAN THREE, CHIEF! I JUST FOUND A DEAD BODY ON THE PLAINS, TOO! ACCORDING TO A PAPER I FOUND IN HIS POCKET, HIS NAME WAS ALEC TINDER! EVER HEAR OF HIM?

YES, HE HAD A RANCH OUTSIDE OF LAREDO -- JUST LIKE BROCK AND DALTON, THE OTHER TWO MEN WE FOUND MURDERED! ONE BODY WAS FOUND IN THE HILLS AND THE OTHER IN THE RIVER -- BOTH ON THE SAME DAY!

DO YOU KNOW WHETHER THEY MIGHT HAVE HAD A COMMON ENEMY?



I DON'T RECKON SO! AS FAR AS I KNOW, THOSE POOR CRITTERS WERE ONLY CASUAL ACQUAINTANCES. THAT'S WHAT MAKES THIS CASE SO DURN HARD TO FIGURE OUT! WE CAN'T FIND A SINGLE CLUE!

TELL ME THE LOCATION OF THE DEAD MEN'S RANCHES! MAYBE SOMEBODY THERE CAN THROW SOME LIGHT ON THIS MYSTERY!



And Rocky starts his rounds at the Tinder Ranch ...

-- AND ALL I CAN TELL YUH IS THAT MUH HUSBAND, ALEC, LEFT HYAR TO BUY SOME HORSES FROM THE BAR DOUBLE X RANCH THIS MORNING AND HE NEVER CAME BACK!

THANK YOU, MAM! NOW I RECKON I'D BETTER RIDE OVER TO THE BROCK RANCH!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

Shortly after, at the Brock Ranch...

--AND WHEN I LAST SAW BROCK, HE WAS HEADING FOR THE BAR DOUBLE X RANCH TO BUY SOME NEW HORSES.

THANKS FOR THE INFORMATION! I'LL HUSTLE OVER TO THE DALTON SPREAD!

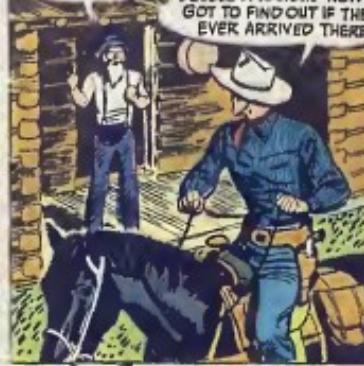


At the Dalton Ranch...

AND WHEN DALTON RODE OFF, HE SAID HE WAS GOING TUH DOUBLE X RANCH TUH COMMON, WHEN LAST BUY SOME NEW STALLIONS.

WELL, I FOUND OUT ONE THING THE THREE DEAD MEN HAD IN COMMON, WHEN LAST SEEN, THEY WERE ALL HEADING FOR THE BAR DOUBLE X RANCH! NOW I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT IF THEY EVER ARRIVED THERE!

LET'S GO, BLACK JACK! WE'RE GOING TO DROP IN AT THE BAR DOUBLE X!



Later...

THIS SURE MUST BE GOOD HORSE COUNTRY! WE PASSED NOTHING BUT HORSE RANCHES IN THE PAST HOUR. THE BAR DOUBLE X SHOULD BE RIGHT UP AHEAD.



The Bar Double X Ranch...

HOWDY, STRANGER! MY NAME'S HANK CANNY! IF YOU'RE INTERESTED IN BUYING SOME HORSES, YUH GOT HERE JUST IN TIME! THIS IS THE LAST BATCH WE EXPECT TUH HAVE FOR A FEW DAYS!



I HAVE SO MANY CUSTOMERS, I COULDN'T REMEMBER RIGHT OFF. IF YUH COME INSIDE, I'LL BE GLAD TO CHECK MY RECORDS.

THAT'S MIGHTY OBLIGING!



ACCORDING TO THE LEDGER, I DID SELL SOME HORSES TO EACH OF THOSE HOMBRÉS. BUT WHAT MAKES YUH ASK ABOUT THEM, ANYWAY?

THEY WERE ALL FOUND MURDERED! AND FROM WHAT YOU JUST TOLD ME, I KNOW THEY WERE NOT KILLED ON THEIR WAY HERE, BUT...



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

--AFTER THEY LEFT HERE WITH THEIR HORSES! THE MURDERER OR MURDERERS MUST BE HORSE RUSTLERS! DO YOU KNOW OF ANY PARTICULAR RUSTLING GANG WORKING AROUND THESE PARTS?

NO! SINCE ALL THE SPREADS AROUND HERE ARE HORSE RANCHES, ANY ONE OF THE RANCH OWNERS MIGHT BE THE RUSTLERS --- BUT YOU'D NEVER BE ABLE TO PROVE IT!

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT?

SINCE ALL THE RANCHERS AROUND HYAR RAISE HORSES FOR TRADING PURPOSES, THEY DON'T BOTHER TO BRAND THEM. IF ONE OF THEM WAS THE RUSTLER, ALL HE'D HAVE TO DO IS PUT THE STOLEN HORSES WITH HIS AND YOU'D NEVER BE ABLE TO PROVE THEY DIDN'T BELONG TO HIM! HOWEVER --



-- IF THERE'S ANYTHING I CAN DO TO HELP YOU CATCH THE NO-GOOD COYOTES, JUST LET ME KNOW! THERE'S NOTHING LOWER THAN A RUSTLER!

THANKS! IF I THINK OF ANYTHING, I'LL LET YOU KNOW.



I DID THINK OF SOMETHING, BUT I DIDN'T WANT TO MENTION IT WITH ALL HIS MEN STANDING AROUND. ANY ONE OF THEM MIGHT BE WORKING HAND IN HAND WITH THE RUSTLERS! WELL, JUST HAVE TO KILL SOME TIME UNTIL IT'S DARK. THEN WE'RE RETURNING HERE!



That night ...

NO ONE'S AROUND. GOOD!

NOW TO GIVE A PEW OF THESE TAILS A SHORT CROP!

AS SOON AS I FINISH, I'LL STAY OUT OF SIGHT UNTIL SOMEONE SHOWS UP TO BUY THESE HORSES!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

A few minutes later ...

BEFORE I DO ANYTHING ELSE, I'VE GOT TO BRING THE CHIEF MARSHAL UP-TO-DATE ON THIS CASE! IF ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO ME ON THAT TRIP WITH HOPKINS BACK TO HIS RANCH —



Suddenly —

HELP!
HELP!
WHOA,
BLACK
JACK!
SOMEONE'S
IN TROUBLE
ON THE OTHER
SIDE OF THE
PASS!

WE'VE NO TIME TO WASTE,
BUT WE HAVE TO GO BACK
AND SEE IF WE CAN BE
OF ANY HELP!



THAT'S FUNNY!
I DON'T SEE
ANYONE!



COMK!



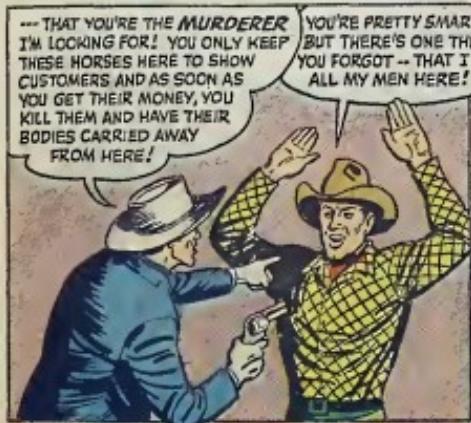
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BILLY BATSON



Eddie Joost

CHAMPION
SHORTSTOP
OF THE
PHILADELPHIA
ATHLETICS

NOW I CAN SEE
MYSELF
IN ACTION!



SPARKED BY JOOST'S SENSATIONAL
PLAY & TEAM SPIRIT - ATHLETICS
FINISHED IN 1ST DIVISION ('48) FOR
FIRST TIME IN 15 YEARS.
EDDIE WAS AWARDED TELEVISION
SET WHEN FANS VOTED HIM "MOST
VALUABLE AND POPULAR
PHILADELPHIA PLAYER."

WHERE'D HE
COME FROM?

SAYS HE BATTED
.1000 IN THE
WHEATIES
LEAGUE!



CHAMPIONS START YOUNG!
EDDIE JOOST BEGAN IN
PACIFIC COAST LEAGUE
WHEN ONLY 16 YEARS OLD!
HAS PLAYED EVERY
INFIELD POSITION
DURING CAREER.



EDDIE HAS 4 SONS - WANTS THEM
ALL TO BE BALL PLAYERS!

ANY OF YOU GUYS
NEED NOURISHMENT?

"FOR A SWELL YEAR-AROUND
TRAINING DISH, I'LL TAKE
WHEATIES ANYTIME!"
SAYS CHAMPION JOOST.
A BIG BOWLFUL OF THOSE
WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES -
WITH MILK AND FRUIT
- REALLY TASTES SWELL.
HANDS YOU GOOD
NOURISHMENT, TOO."



WHEATIES
"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

BADGE OF COURAGE

By R. R. Symes

"I'M riding alone," said Slim Mercer, firmly "It's the only way!"

"Don't do it, boy!" urged the old judge. "You'll be riding into a death trap. Let us round up a special posse of deputy Marshals to send with you. Then you'll have some backing."

"No, this is a one-man job," Slim declared. "Any posse smaller than the U. S. Army would likely be wiped out before it got as far as the post office in Crossbone City. Isn't that right, Sheriff Ingle?"

"I'm afraid it is," responded the sheriff, gloomily. "Crossbone City is out of my territory and I'm not saying I'm not glad. Lawmen don't last long over there. And as long as Blackwell Bart is making that the headquarters for himself and his band of owlhoots, there's no posse going to get anywhere near the center of that town without some good men eating lead."

"Then if it's impossible for a posse, how can one man expect to accomplish anything alone?" asked the judge.

"Here's the way I figure it," responded Slim Mercer. "I'm not known in Crossbone City. I can get in without attracting any attention. Then I aim to put Blackwell Bart out of business. The way I calculate, his followers are just that. If he's put out of the way, they'll be like sheep without a leader. But as long as he's around to put starch in them, they'll run out any sized posse that tries to clean up Crossbone City."

"Sounds like a good idea," put in the sheriff. "The only catch in it is that you have to put Blackwell Bart out of business to make it work. He's a gun-slinging killer and he draws so fast he makes lightning look like a snail."

"I know," said Slim, "but I'm going after him anyway. I've got special reasons."

The other men were silent, their faces grave. They knew the "special reasons." Blackwell Bart was wanted for cattle-rustling, horse-thieving, bank-robbing, stage-holdups and as-

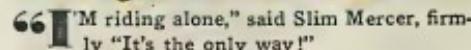
sorted styles of murder. He was, in his territory, as notorious an outlaw as ever roamed the old west. And his latest victim had been a veteran, respected Pony Express rider. A man named Grady Mercer. Slim's father.

SLIM GENTLY REINED UP his big horse, Firebrand. The bay responded immediately and they were together, poised, standing still, like a statue of some bygone general. Above them, to the left, were the mountain peaks, purple blue. Below, to the right, the rocky terrain leveled off gradually and in the valley was the little town of Crossbone City.

Mercer took a deep breath. Then he carefully unpinned the U. S. Marshal badge from his vest, looked at it fondly, kissed it, and tossed it into the sagebrush. An easy pressure with his knees urged Firebrand forward and man and horse moved at a relaxed pace down the grade toward Crossbone City. As they loped along, Slim patted his gun butt. It was an instinctive gesture. He was going up against a killer, a killer who "draws so fast he makes lightning look like a snail."

He dismounted in front of the Golden Nugget saloon. His boots made a firm clomp-clomp on the board walk as he strode toward the swinging doors. Inside he stepped to the bar and ordered a plain soda.

Crossbone City was a wide-open town where gambling and crime were the chief occupations, where known criminals could always find haven, where the only law was a fast draw. Slim knew it to be a favorite hide-out of Blackwell Bart. But he knew, also, that everybody in town was on the side of the notorious badman, either through criminal kinship or fear. He knew that if he put forth one suspicious question about Bart he'd be shot in the back. And he knew it would be fatal if anyone even suspected him of being a U. S. Marshal. So he couldn't ask questions. He must wait. Patiently. Days, if necessary, until he should see Bart with his own eyes.



BANDITS BOMBED
BY BOTTLES!

DASHIELL HAMMETT'S Adventures of **SAM SPADE**

LISTEN TO: "The Adventures of Sam Spade," every Sunday evening on your Columbia (CBS) station. See radio listing in your local newspaper.

O-O-O-O-OH,
SAM! A
HELICOPTER
RIDE!
YEP! WITH
DWIGHT MITCHELL,
THE WILDRONT
CREAM-OIL
SALESMAN

WHERE DO WE SIT
WITH ALL THIS WILDRONT
CREAM-OIL...HEH,
LISTEN!

THE BANDITS ARE
REPORTED RACING
TOWARD THE BORDER.
POLICE WARN MOTORISTS
TO CLEAR HIGHWAY #1
FOR MOTORCYCLES
PURSUING THE BANDIT

THARZ'S HIGHWAY #1.
AND THERE'S A CAR,
WITH MOTORCYCLES
ABOUT A MILE
BEHIND...

NOW IF THEY JUST
HAD A BLOWOUT!
THAT WOULD
STOP 'EM!

WELL, LET'S GIVE 'EM A
BLOWOUT! PLY OVER THE
ROAD AHEAD OF 'EM, WATCH...
LET'S OPEN THESE CASES
OF WILDRONT CREAM-OIL

CREAM-OIL
AWAY!

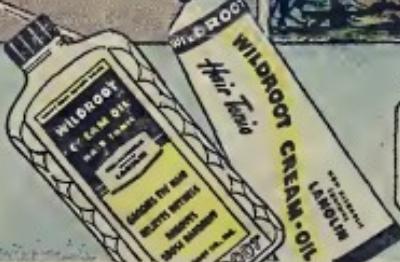
YEAH! BUT THEY WERE FULL OF
WILDRONT CREAM-OIL. THINK OF
ALL THE GUYS WHO WONT HAVE
HANDSOME, WELL-GROWN HAIR
JUST BECAUSE OF HIS...

Poor Sam...

SAM SPADE ASKS:

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE
FINGERNAIL TEST?

TRY IT! SCRATCH YOUR HEAD.
IF YOU FIND SIGNS OF DRONESS
AND LOOSE, ADD Dandruff.
YOU NEED WILDRONT CREAM-
OIL HAIR TONIC, NON-ALCOHOLIC.
CONTAINS SOOTHING LANOLIN



EFFIE SAYS:

SMART GIRLS USE WILDRONT
CREAM-OIL FOR QUICK GROWING
AND FOR RELIEVING DRYNESS
BETWEEN PERMANENTS. MOTHERS
FIND IT WONDERFUL FOR TRAIN-
ING CHILDREN'S HAIR.

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

HIS patience was not extended. He had stood by the bar less than ten minutes, leaning on one elbow, silent, when his keen eyes caught sight of the familiar evil face in the bar mirror. Bart had entered and was speaking to some poker players. Then he moved and his back was to the bar.

A voice inside Slim Mercer seemed to say, "Shoot him in the back! Now! He's a murderer! He killed your father!"

Slim's right hand edged toward his gun. His left gripped the bar.

"Shoot him in the back!" persisted the inner voice.

The Marshal shook his head, as if in response to an out-loud question. With cat-like grace he vaulted the bar. A quick shove got the bartender out of the way. Even as he leaped, Slim was shouting, "Blackwell Bart, you're under arrest."

Bart whirled, two guns blazing. Slim ducked behind the bar as the last word, "arrest," was leaving his lips. Even so, he wasn't quite quick enough. A slug caught him in the shoulder and rocked him. He winced at the searing pain.

Then he popped up, squeezed his trigger twice. Bart howled with pain as his guns clattered to the floor. Slugs from the sharp-shooting Marshal had clipped both Bart's arms; broken them, as it proved later. The murderer would never be a "fast draw" again.

BUT Slim still was not out of the woods. He'd carried out his threat to put Bart out of business, but he was still in a nest of enemies and much weaker than he'd realized. His wound hurt. He was losing lots of blood. With his strength ebbing and his brain beginning to fog up, he puckered his lips and whistled.

Firebrand heard, moved quickly across the wooden sidewalk and through the swinging doors. Using a last surge of strength, Slim clambered across the top of the bar and onto the saddle. Firebrand carried him through the swinging doors, across the board sidewalk, up the dusty main street, up the grade to the narrow pass in the foothills.

The element of surprise: first the quick shooting of the seemingly unbeatable Bart; then the appearance of the horse in the saloon,

fortunately had stalled off pursuit long enough for Firebrand to get a good head start. He was out of gunshot range before Bart's men took after him.

They were closing in when the special posse of deputies moved in from two sides and captured the outlaws with comparative ease. Slim had guessed right. Without their leader, they were like confused sheep. But he didn't see the victory. He had slipped from Firebrand's back and lay unconscious on the ground.

THE OLD JUDGE looked at Slim Mercer, propped up in bed, and grinned. "Well, boy," said the judge, stroking his white goatee, "you'll be happy to know that, thanks to you, we were able to send a posse in and round up all the owlhoots in Crossbone City."

"Blackwell Bart, too?" asked Slim.

"Him especially," said the judge. "He's got both arms in slings and I wouldn't be surprised if his neck'll be in one by the time the jury gets through with him. You sure cleaned out a bad nest."

"Me?" Slim raised his eyebrows. "I didn't do anything. Don't deserve any credit. Didn't catch anybody and barely got out with my own skin."

"No credit!" snorted the judge. "Hah! Why you're the first man ever to face Bart head on in a shooting match and live to tell about it. It was brave, but it was also like trying to commit suicide. You're the most courageous Marshal that ever wore a badge."

"Oh, speaking of badge," said Slim, "I'll need a new one."

"Lose the old one?"

"No. Threw her away."

"Threw her away? Now why in all plumb tarnation did you go and do a thing like that?"

"I was afraid," said Slim.

"You afraid?" exclaimed the old judge. "Pah! Why you're not afraid of a regiment of rattlesnakes."

"WAS afraid," insisted Slim. "Afraid I might disgrace that badge; afraid that when the chips were down, I might not have the nerve to meet Blackwell Bart face to face. You see, there was a great temptation to shoot him in the back!"

THE END

SLIM PICKENS

IN

The
BIG DEAL

YUH SENT
FER ME,
FRISBY?

YEAH, SLIM PICKENS !
THIS HYAR LAND YUH
SOLD ME IS NO
GOOD !



WHY? WHAT'S
THE MATTER
WITH IT?

IT'S NOT FERTILE
AND YUH SAID I COULD
GROW NUTS ON IT!

YUH MUST HAVE MISUNDERSTOOD
ME ! I DIDN'T SAY YUH COULD
GROW NUTS ON IT !

NO? THEN
WHAT DID
YUH SAY ?



I SAID YUH COULD
GO NUTS ON IT !

AND THAT'S NOT ALL ! WHY
DON'T YUH TELL ME THIS
RANCH HOUSE WAS MADE
OUT OF RUBBER BEFORE
YUH SOLD IT TUH ME !

YUH SHOULD BE HAPPY
I DIDN'T CHARGE YUH MORE
BECAUSE IT'S MADE OUT
OF RUBBER !



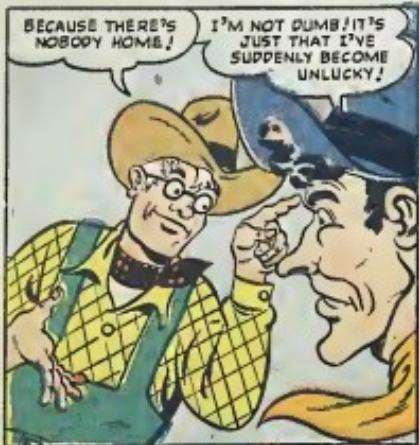
ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

Rocky Lane

in THWARTED JUSTICE!



One night, as Rocky Lane is sleeping in the hills outside Larriup City!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

NOW THAT WE'VE GOT THE BANK LOOT HIDDEN, THIS HYAR'S THE PERFECT PLACE TO HIDE OUT. THE POSSE WON'T COME BACK HYAR. TUM LOOK FOR US, DRIFTER!



I OPINE THIS KNIFE PLUNGED IN HIS HEART WILL KEEP HIM FROM EVER WAKING UP!



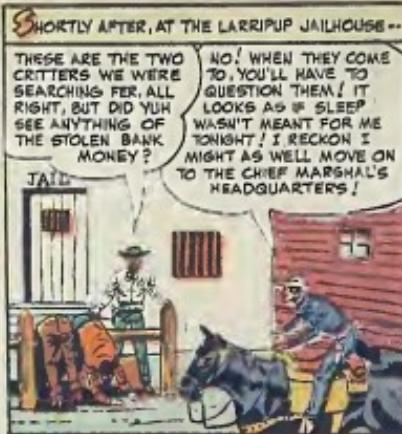
BUT THE EVER ALERT BLACK JACK SENSES HIS MASTERS DANGER AND HE PULLS HIM OUT OF THE WAY OF THE DESCENDING KNIFE WITH HIS HOOF!



HEY---WHAT'S GOING ON?
CH! OH! I CAN SEE THIS IS NO TIME TO ASK QUESTIONS!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



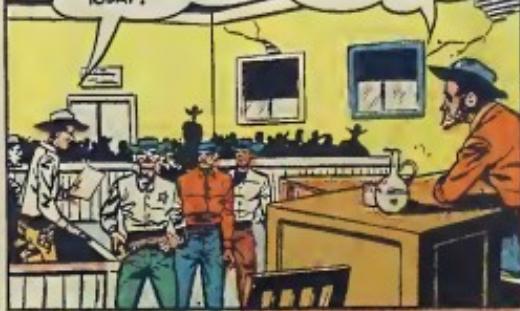
BUT WHEN THE BANDITS REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS--

OKAY, YOU TWO, IF YOU CONFESS WHERE YUH HID THE BANK MONEY, I'LL RECOMMEND THE JURY GO EASY ON YUH!



AND A FEW DAYS LATER, AT THE TRIAL---

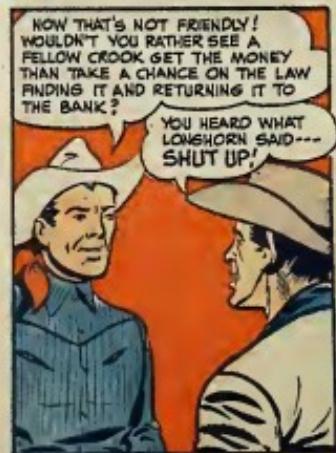
WE, THE JURY, FIND LONGHORN AND DRIFTER GUILTY OF MURDER AND SENTENCE THEM TO HANG AT MOON TWO DAYS FROM TODAY!



SHORTLY AFTER---

I HEARD TELL THOSE TWO MURDERERS STILL REFUSE TUH SAY WHERE THEY HID THE MONEY THEY STOLE FROM MUH BANK, SHERIFF! I HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TUH CLOSE THE BANK AND DECLARE BANKRUPTCY!





WHEN THE SHERIFF TAKES YOU TWO OUT TO BRING YOU TO THE HANGING FIELDS, I'LL BE WAITING OUTSIDE WITH A COVERED WAGON. WHILE I TAKE CARE OF HIM, YOU JUMP INTO THE WAGON. THEN WELL ALL HEAD FOR THE LOOT!

IT'S WORTH A TRY.
AFTER ALL, WHAT HAVE WE GOT TO LOSE?



AND AT NOON---

OKAY, LET'S GET GOIN'! THERE'S A COUPLE OF NOOSEZ WAITIN' TUH MEET UP WITH YORE NECKS!



THE SHERIFF IS A GOOD ACTOR! I HARDLY TOUCHED HIM.

HEAD FOR THE HILLS, PARTNER! WE'LL SHOW YOU WHERE WE HID THE LOOT!



NOW THINGS ARE MOVIN' THE WAY I LIKE THEM!



AS SOON AS THEY SHOW ME WHERE THEY'VE HIDDEN THE LOOT, I'LL BRING IT AND THEM BACK TO THE SHERIFF!

THE NEXT MORNING---

OKAY, YUH CAN GO NOW, BUT I WANT YUH CUTTA TOWN BY NOON --- BEFORE THESE TWO CRITTERS HANG!



OKAY, YOU TWO! HOP INTO THE WAGON!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

SHORTLY AFTER---

YOU'VE DUG PRETTY DEEP ALREADY! ARE YOU SURE THIS IS THE SPOT WHERE YOU BURIED THE BANK MONEY?

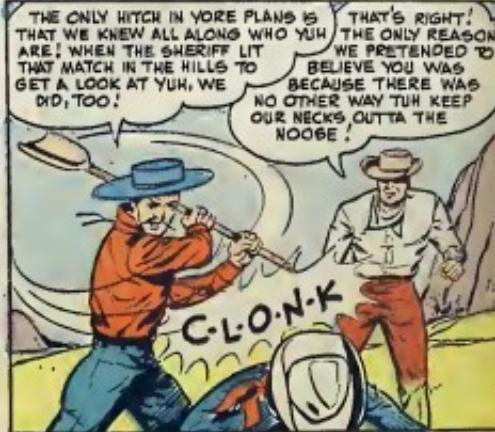
SURE WE'RE SURE!
WE DELIBERATELY DUG DEEP SO NO ONE COULD ACCIDENTALLY FIND IT BY KICKING UP THE TOP SURFACE!

WE'RE TIRED! SINCE YORE GOING TO GET A THIRD, HOW ABOUT YOU DIGGING A WHILE?

OKAY!



THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT YUH, PARTNER --- YO'RE ALWAYS WILLIN' TUH LEND A HELPING HAND!



C'MON, DRIFTER! HOW WE CAN SO AFTER THE LOOT OURSELVES!

I'M WITH YUH, LONGHORN! WE DON'T HAVE TOO FAR TO GO, ANYWAY!



B

UT LONGHORN'S BLOW ONLY GRAZED ROCKY, AND IN A FEW MINUTES ---

I GUESS I UNDERESTIMATED THOSE TWO ROBBERS! INSTEAD OF TRAPPING THEM, THEY TRAPPED ME!



UNLESS I CAN FIND THEM AND THE LOOT, THE BANKER WILL HAVE TO CLOSE THE BANK! WAIT A SECOND--



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

...HERE ARE THE WAGON TRACKS!
I'LL FOLLOW THEM!



AT THE SAME TIME...

BOY, THIS MONEY SURE LOOKS GOOD! I'LL SAY IT DOES! WITH ALL THIS DOUGH, WE SHOULD HAVE NO TROUBLE HIRING SOME VARMINT TO SNEAK US OUT OF THIS TERRITORY, TO A RICH SAFETY!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT...

LONGHORN, LOOK! IT'S LANE AGAIN --- AND WE DON'T HAVE ANY SHOOTING--- WE'RE IRONS! STILL TWO AGAINST ONE! START SWINGIN'!



IT'S TWO AGAINST ONE, BUT THE STALWART SECRET MARSHAL NOT ONLY HOLDS HIS OWN--



...BUT ENDS UP HOLDING THE TWO THOROUGHLY BEATEN CRIMINALS!

NOW I'LL JUST TIE AND TOSS YOU TWO INTO THE WAGON ALONG WITH THE STOLEN MONEY!



LATER---

NOW THAT THOSE TWO CROOKS ARE HANGED AND THE BANKER'S GOT HIS MONEY BACK, THE WHOLE TOWN FEELS SAFER! YEH SURE GOT THOSE CRIMINALS CLEANED UP, ROCKY!

THAT'S OUR JOB,
SHERIFF! BE SEEING YOU!



SPECIAL OFFER



YOU.... CAN GET
"ROCKY'S" PICTURE
WITH "BLACK JACK" AUTOGRAPHED
TO YOU PERSONALLY -
SEND FOR IT TODAY!!!

ENCLOSE THIS COUPON AND 25¢ FOR
ONE LARGE PHOTO OF "ROCKY" AND
"BLACK JACK" AUTOGRAPHED TO YOU
PERSONALLY.

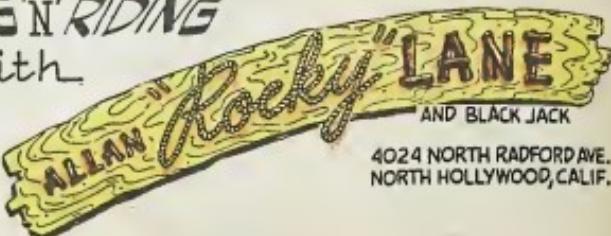
PRINT NAME:
ADDRESS:

(IF YOU WANT 5 LARGE PICTURES OF "ROCKY"
AND "BLACK JACK" ALL AUTOGRAPHED TO YOU
PERSONALLY, ENCLOSE \$1.00)

ADDRESS: ROCKY LANE
4024 NORTH RADFORD AVE.
NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

ROPIN' N' RIDIN'

With



4024 NORTH RADFORD AVE.
NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

"ROCKY" WITH BLACK JACK & SPOONERS

HOWDY "PODNER'S":

I'VE JUST BEEN READING SOME OF THE LETTERS YOU FELLOWS AND GIRLS HAVE BEEN SENDING BLACK JACK AND ME, AND IT SURE MAKES ME FEEL GOOD TO KNOW THAT NO MATTER WHICH WAY BLACK JACK AND I MAKE TRACKS WE'VE GOT A LOT OF SWELL PALS WAITING AT THE END OF THE TRAIL. KEEP THOSE LETTERS COMIN', PARDS. I'M MIGHTY ANXIOUS TO HEAR FROM ALL OF YOU.

NOW THAT OLD MAN WINTER IS SADDLIN' UP TO COME RIDIN' OUR WAY, HAPPY HOLIDAYS ARE STRUNG CLEAR ACROSS THE CALENDAR. I LIKE HOLIDAYS AND I RECKON YOU DO, TOO. WHEN HOLIDAYS POP UP, EVERYBODY GETS TO FEELING MIGHTY GOOD INSIDE AND A HEAP MORE SMILING IS DONE THAN FROWNING, AND SMILING IS MIGHTY GOOD MEDICINE FOR EVERYBODY. SOME FOLKS, THOUGH, HAVE A KNACK OF FORGETTING HOW COME WE HAVE SOME OF THESE HOLIDAYS.

TAKE THANKSGIVING DAY, FOR INSTANCE. IF THE OLD TIME PILGRIMS HAD HAD PLENTY OF GOOD, EASY-TO-GET GRUB HANDY, THEY MIGHT HAVE PLUMB FORGOTTEN TO BE THANKFUL FOR IT. IN THOSE DAYS, FOLKS COULDN'T JUST RUN DOWN TO THE CORNER GROCERY STORE OR BUTCHER SHOP WHEN THEIR FOOD RAN OUT. NO, SIR. THEY HAD TO STRUGGLE HARD FOR THEIR VITTLES AND WHEN THEY HAD A BOUNTIFUL CROP THEY REALIZED THEY HAD PLENTY TO BE THANKFUL FOR, SO THEY STARTED THANKSGIVING DAY. SO JUST REMEMBER THAT WHEN YOUR MOM ASKS YOU TO HIGH-TAIL IT DOWN TO THE GROCERY STORE TO PICK UP SOMETHING FOR SUPPER. IN THE OLD DAYS, YOU WOULD HAVE HAD TO HIT THE TRAIL WITH YOUR SHOOTIN'-IRON PRIMED AND COCKED, HOPING SOME GAME YOU COULD DRAW A BEAD ON WOULD SHOW UP.

OF COURSE, THINGS HAVE CHANGED A HEAP SINCE THOSE DAYS, BUT WHEN WE'RE STOWING AWAY THAT SECOND HELPING OF TURKEY, I RECKON THAT WOULD BE AS GOOD A TIME AS ANY TO BE MIGHTY THANKFUL THAT THEY HAVE.

WELL, PARDS, BLACK JACK AND I WILL BE HEADIN' DOWN THE ROAD NOW, BUT WE'LL BE BACK IN OUR NEXT ISSUE FOR ANOTHER FRIENDLY VISIT. TILL THEN -- GOOD LUCK.

YOUR PALS,

Allan Rocky "Lane"

AND BLACK JACK U

P.S. OUR LATEST MOVIE ADVENTURES NOW SHOWING ON YOUR LOCAL SCREENS ARE "THE DENVER KID" AND "SUNDOWN IN SANTA FE."



Tasty, pure, and wholesome, too!
A big, chewy piece plus
comics, fortunes, facts
GET SOME TODAY

1¢



FRANK H. FLEER CO., INC.
PHILADELPHIA 41, PA.

Buster

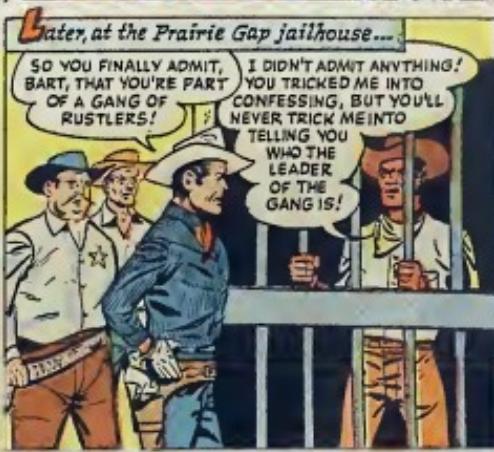


REPUBLIC PICTURE'S STAR

Rocky Lane

and **THE PRAIRIE GAP DEADLINE**





ROCKY LANE WESTERN



SOMETHING'S WRONG SOMEWHERE! I KNOW MATTY QUITE WELL, AND HE WOULD NEVER BREAK AN APPOINTMENT. BEFORE YOU BUY SOMEONE ELSE'S CATTLE, GIVE ME TIME TO RIDE TO MATTY'S TO SEE WHAT'S BEEN HOLDING HIM UP!



But when Rocky reaches Matty Andrews' cattle ranch ...

THAT'S RIGHT, ROCKY! I HAVEN'T STARTED OUT FOR PRAIRIE GAP AND I DON'T INTEND TUH! RUSTLERS HAVE BEEN STRIKING AROUND HYAR AND I DON'T AIM TUH MOVE OFF THE RANCH!

I UNDERSTAND HOW YOU FEEL, MATTY, AND SINCE YOU TOLD ME HOW MUCH THIS DEAL MEANS TO YOU, I'M WILLING TO HELP YOU GET THE CATTLE TO PRAIRIE GAP!

I RECKON THERE'S NO BETTER HEAD PUSHER IN THESE PARTS, ROCKY, BUT I CAN'T TAKE THE CHANCE THAT EASTERNER, BROWN, IS OFFERING A GOOD PRICE FOR MUH CATTLE AND I'D LIKE NOTHING BETTER THAN TUH SELL THEM TO HIM. BUT IF THOSE RUSTLERS STEAL MUH HERD ON THE WAY, I'LL BE CLEANED OUT! RUINED!

DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHO THE RUSTLERS ARE?

THE RANCHERS SUSPECT RED SMITH, A STRANGER IN TOWN, BUT NO ONE'S BEEN ABLE TUH PROVE ANYTHING AGAINST HIM! IF YOU LIKE, I'LL POINT HIM OUT TO YOU!

GOOD! HMM, I WONDER IF THERE'S ANY CONNECTION BETWEEN RED SMITH AND RUSTY DRAKE!



Shortly after, in the town of Cypress Hills ---

THERE HE IS NOW — IN FRONT OF THE SALOON!

IT MAY BE COINCIDENCE, BUT RED SMITH FITS PERFECTLY BART'S DESCRIPTION OF RUSTY DRAKE!



I BELIEVE THE HUNCH YOU RANCHERS HAVE ABOUT RED SMITH IS CORRECT! HE PROBABLY IS THE RUSTLER!

GOOD! THEN YOU CAN LOCK HIM UP RIGHT AWAY!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

NO! IF I DID THAT, THE REST OF HIS GANG WOULD RUN AWAY! I'VE GOT TO CATCH HIM AND HIS GANG ALL AT ONCE! I THINK I KNOW HOW TO DO IT, BUT I'LL NEED YOUR HELP, MATTY!

After the Secret marshal explains his plan ...

ALL RIGHT, ROCKY! I GOOD! NOW YOU HEAD FOR WITH YORE PRAIRIE GAP PRONTO SCHEME! AND TELL THE SHERIFF TO ROUND UP A POSSE. LEAVE THE REST TO ME!

HELLO, THERE! YUH MUST'VE MADE A MISTAKE! YUH SEE IN PRIVATE! SURE YOU KNOW ME, PARTNER? MUH HANDLE'S RED SMITH!



SURE, I KNOW YOU! YOU ALSO TRAVEL UNDER THE NAME OF RUSTY DRAKE!

YUH TALK TOO MUCH FER YORE OWN GOOD, STRANGER!



TAKE IT EASY WITH THE HARDWARE! YOUR HENCHMAN, BART, TOLD ME WHERE I COULD FIND YOU. I'VE GOT A PROPOSITION TO MAKE!

BART TOLD YOU? WELL, THAT'S DIFFERENT! WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?



MATTY ANDREWS HIRED ME TO RIDE HIS CATTLE TO THE RAILROAD DEPOT AT PRAIRIE GAP. I FIGURED IF I COULD MEET YOU IN THE HILLS AND TURN THEM OVER TO YOU, YOU COULD TAKE THEM INTO PRAIRIE GAP AND SELL THEM TO THE HOMBRE, BROWN, WHO'S WAITING THERE TO BUY THEM. THEN WE DIVVY ON THE PROFITS!

SOUNDS INTERESTING, BUT WHY DON'T YUH TAKE THEM INTO PRAIRIE GAP YORESELF INSTEAD OF CUTTING ME IN ON THE SWAG?

I'M NOT THAT DUMB! I FIGURED WHEN YOU SAW ME MOVE MATTY'S CATTLE THROUGH THE HILLS, YO'D TRY TO RUSTLE THEM. AND WHAT CHANCE WOULD I STAND AGAINST YOU AND YOUR GANG? THIS WAY, I'M SURE OF GETTING PART OF THE PROFITS!

THAT'S SMART REASONING!

OKAY, IT'S A DEAL! GET THE CATTLE MOVING, MY BOYS AND ME WILL MEET YOU AT THUNDER PASS!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



But what Rocky Lane doesn't know is that Bart has escaped from the Prairie Gap jailhouse! And shortly after, at Thunder Pass—



A LAWMAN! NOW I GET IT! HE WAS SENDING ME INTO A TRAP! WELL, THIS TRAP'S GOING TO CATCH THE

WRONG CRITTER! IF HE SEES ME HYAR, HE'LL KNOW YOU'RE ON TO HIM! I'D BETTER STAY OUTTA SIGHT!

OKAY, RUSTY! HERE'S THE CATTLE! NOW WE CAN ALL START FOR PRAIRIE GAP!



GUESS AGAIN, MARSHAL! WE'RE HEADING IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION!

TAKE HIM DOWN TO THE RIVER AND HOLD HIS HEAD UNDER UNTIL HE DROWNS! THEN TOSS HIM IN! THE BOYS AND ME WILL HEAD THE CATTLE TOWARD OUR HIDE-OUT! YOU CAN MEET US THERE!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

As Bart holds Rocky's head under, the cool water revives the unconscious secret marshal, and --

(GLUB!) WHERE AM I? - NOW I REMEMBER! HE'S BEEN UNDER ABOUT THREE MINUTES! ANOTHER FEW SECONDS SHOULD DO THE TRICK!

But it doesn't take the game Rocky a few seconds to act!

DOOF!

WHEEE!

YOU'RE ONLY POSTPONING YORE END! SWALLOWING ALL THAT WATER MUST'VE WEAKENED YUH! ONE PUNCH SHOULD DO THE TRICK!



ONE PUNCH WILL DO THE TRICK - ONLY YOU'RE GOING TO BE THE VICTIM, NOT ME!

UGH!

SWISH!
POW!

THESE HANDCUFFS SHOULD KEEP HIM FROM GETTING AWAY UNTIL I COME BACK!



RIGHT NOW, I'VE GOT TO SEE IF I CAN PICK UP RUSTY'S TRAIL! HE'S PROBABLY GONE IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION FROM PRAIRIE GAP, WHICH MEANS IF I FOLLOW THE OLD RIVER ROAD I SHOULD BE ABLE TO CUT HIM OFF!



Shortly after --

HERE COMES RUSTY DRAKE AND HIS RUSTLERS! I KNOW MATTY DIDN'T WANT TO CHANCE MY BATTLING IT OUT WITH THEM, BUT I DON'T HAVE ANY CHOICE!



THESE THREE WILL HAVE ENOUGH TO WORRY ABOUT TRYING TO KEEP FROM GETTING TRAMPLED ON BY THE CATTLE TO BOTHER FIGHTING BACK!

RUSTY! LOOK! IT'S ROCKY LANE!

NEVER MIND THE PALAVER! START SHOOTING!





WHITEY WHISKERS

"and THE OLD SPINNING WHEEL"

HUH? ME PUT ALL THET SHEEPS' WOOL INTO SACKS? NO SIR! WHAT DO YUH THINK I AM--- A MUTTONHEAD?!!

HEY, WHITEY WHISKERS! HOW 'BOUT HELPING ME OUT AND STUFFING ALL THESE SHEEPS' WOOL INTO THOSE SACKS?

SNIP!



BUT I DON'T WANT YUH TO DO IT FER NOTHING! I'LL PAY YUH FER IT! IT'S EASY WORK!

WAL, THAT'S DIFFERENT! I DON'T MIND EASY WORK AND I DO LIKE GITTING PAID!

OKAY, THEN I GIT ALL THET WOOL IN THOSE SACKS AND I'LL GIVE YUH TWO DOLLARS WHEN YO'RE THROUGH! I'VE GOT TO GIT THESE SHEEP BACK IN THE MEADOW!

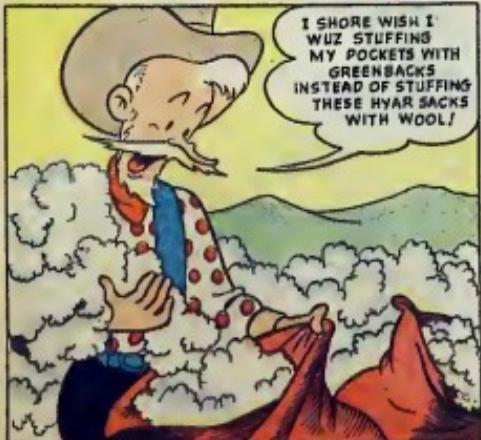
IT'S A DEAL! I'LL START RIGHT NOW!



I SHORE WISH I WUZ STUFFING MY POCKETS WITH GREENBACKS INSTEAD OF STUFFING THESE HYAR SACKS WITH WOOL!

HMM, THIS SHORE IS MIGHTY NICE WOOL! I RECKON THAR'LL BE PLenty OF FINE SUITS MADE FROM IT! (SIGH)

BUT THE TWO DOLLARS I'M AGONNA GIT FER THIS CHORE WON'T BUY ME A NICE NEW SUIT!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

SAY, I JEST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING ! MY GRANDMOTHER'S OLD SPINNING WHEEL IS IN THE ATTIC AT HOME ! IF I HAD A BAG OF THIS HYAR WOOL, I COULD SPIN ENOUGH CLOTH TO MAKE A NEW SUIT FER MYSELF !



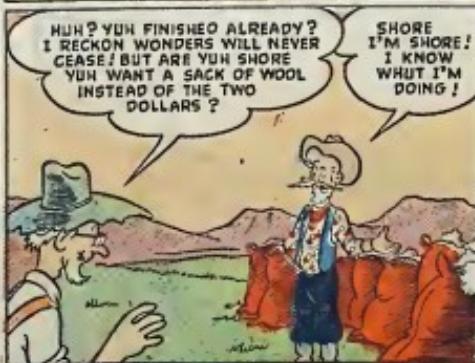
I KNOW WHUT I'LL DO ! I'LL TAKE A SACK OF THIS WOOL INSTEAD OF THE TWO DOLLARS AS MY PAY ! YIPEE ! WHUT AN IDEA !



I CAN'T WAIT TILL I GIT FINISHED SO I CAN GO HOME AND SPIN THE CLOTH FER A PURTY NEW SUIT FER MYSELF !



WHITEY WHISKERS IS ALMOST UNRECOGNIZABLE --- HE WORKS HARD AND QUICKLY---AND IN A FEW HOURS.....



SO LONG ! I'VE GOT TO BEAT IT ! I DON'T WANT TO WASTE ANY TIME !



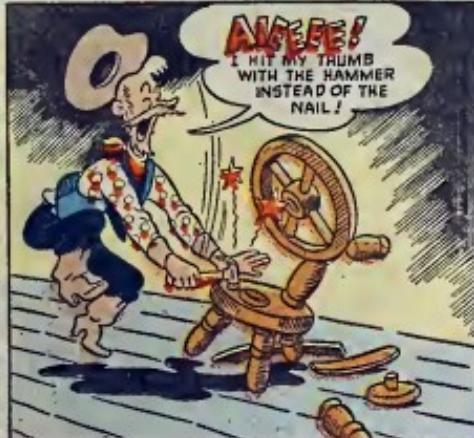
SOON AFTER.....



(PUFF, PUFF)
I DON'T OPINE
I EVER RAN SO FAST
IN MY LIFE ! (PUFF)
AH, THAR'S THE
SPINNING WHEEL !



PHEW ! IT SHORE IS DUSTY ! AND LOOK AT ALL THOSE COBWEBS ON IT !



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



REPUBLIC PICTURE'S STAR

Rocky Lane and THE BORDER REVOLT



ON ONE SIDE OF THE BORDER, THERE'S THE TEXAS KID WHO, WANTED FOR MURDER, IS WILLING TO DO ANYTHING TO STAY OUT OF THE CLUTCHES OF THE LAW. ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BORDER, THERE'S THE GROUP OF REBELS LED BY PANCHO VALEZ, THE POWER-HUNGRY BANDIT WHO IS WILLING TO DO ANYTHING TO OVERTHROW HIS GOVERNMENT SO HE CAN TAKE OVER. COMBATTIN' EITHER WOULD BE A FULL-TIME JOB FOR ANY LAWMAN. BUT WHEN BOTH HAVE TO BE DEALT WITH SIMULTANEOUSLY, IT'S A HERCULEAN TASK THAT CAN BE ATTEMPTED BY ONLY ONE DARING LAWMAN---SECRET MARSHAL ROCKY LANE!

TO MEXICO
 TO U.S.A.

JUST ACROSS THE MEXICAN BORDER---

EET EES LUCKY YOU WERE NOT EEN YOUR COACH, PRESIDENT SUAREZ, WHEN WE DROVE THROUGH THE HILLS OR YOU TOO WOULD BE FILLED WEETH BULLET HOLES JUST LIKE THE COACH!

HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHO DID THE SHOOTIN'?



YES, THERE EES NO DOUBT ABOUT EET! EET WAS PANCHO VALEZ AND HIS MEN!



PANCHO VALEZ! I HAVE KNOWN FOR A LONG TIME HE WISHED TO START A REVOLUTION SO HE AND HIS EVIL FOLLOWERS COULD TAKE OVER THE GOVERNMENT. BUT THIS TIME, HE HAS GONE TOO FAR!

AS PRESIDENT I HEREBY OFFER ONE MILLION PESOS FOR THE CAPTURE OF PANCHO VALEZ---DEAD OR ALIVE!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



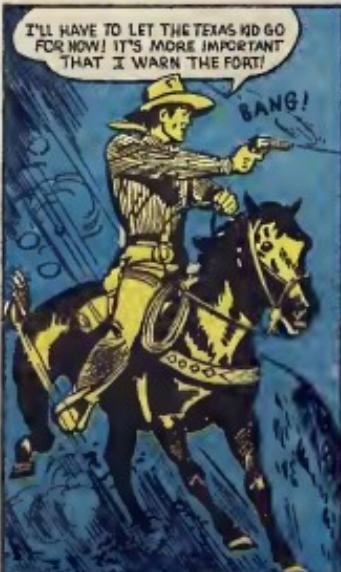
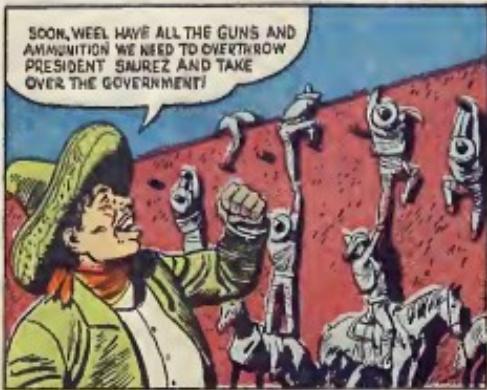
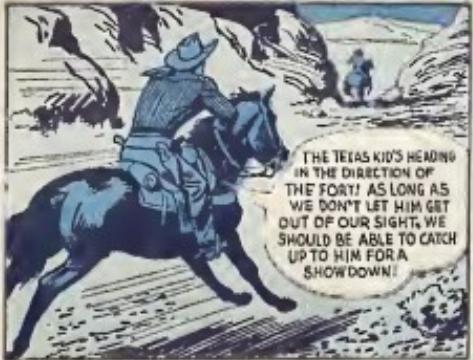
WHAT YOU SAY IS TRUE!
BUT I KNOW WHERE WE
CAN GET PLENTY OF ARMS
AND AMMUNITION!

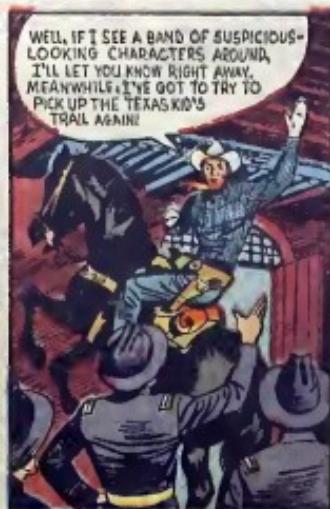
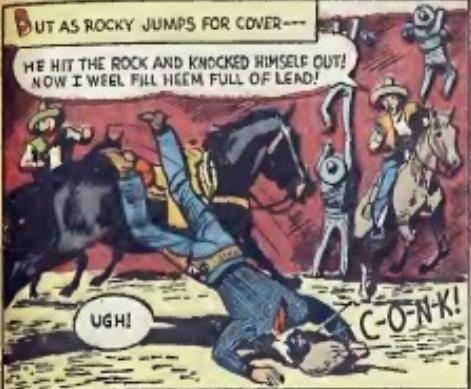


ROCKY LANE WESTERN

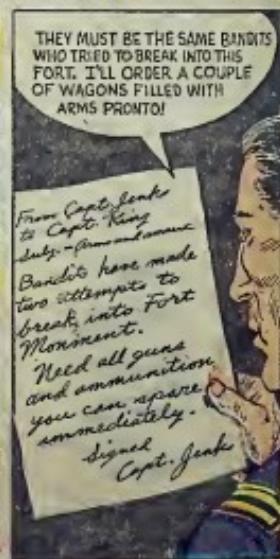
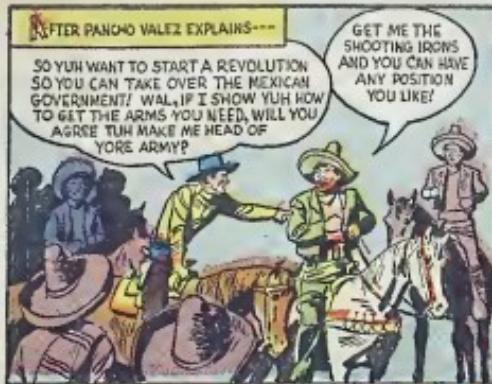


ROCKY LANE WESTERN





ROCKY LANE WESTERN



A FEW MINUTES LATER—

THE REST OF YOU FOLLOW LIEUTENANT BRAND IN THE LEAD WAGON! HE'LL HEAD YOU ALL TO FORT MONUMENT!

IF PANCHO AND HIS MEN ARE WAITING WHERE WE PLANNED, IT'LL BE EASY TO GET RID OF THE OTHER DRIVERS AND TAKE OVER THE WAGONS FULL OF AMMUNITION AND ARMS!

MEANWHILE—

NO SIGHT OF THE TEXAS KID YET! WAIT A SECOND, BLACK JACK! SOMEONE'S LYING ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD!



IT'S NOT THE TEXAS KID, BUT WHOEVER IT IS LOOKS AS IF HE NEEDS MEDICAL ATTENTION PRONTO!

I RECKON THE CLOSEST PLACE AROUND HERE TO GET FIRST AID WOULD BE THE FORT! HIT THE TRAIL, BLACK JACK!

BUT AT THE FORT—

HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT, BUT IT MAY BE HOURS BEFORE HE REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS!

ARE YOU POSITIVE CAPTAIN, THAT THIS IS ONE OF YOUR MEN?



ABSOLUTELY, ROCKY! HE'S ONE OF MY LIEUTENANTS!

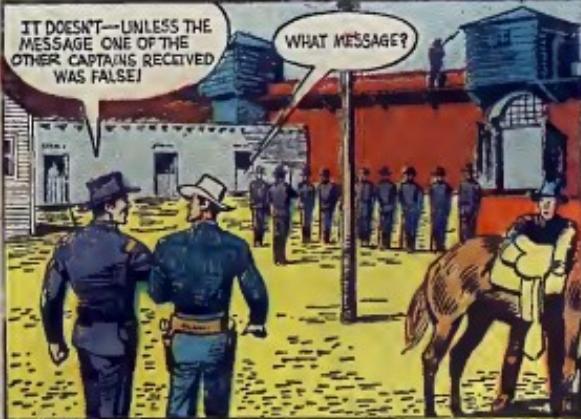
BUT WHY SHOULD ANYONE KNOCK HIM OUT TO STEAL HIS UNIFORM? IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!

WARD 2

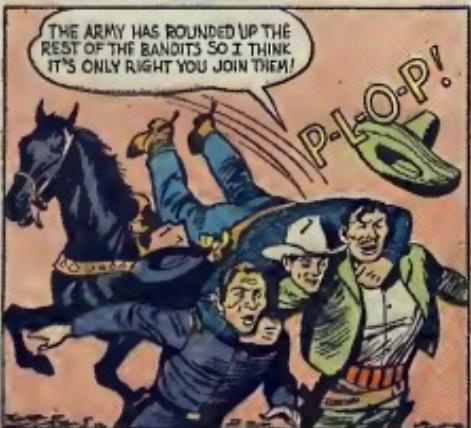
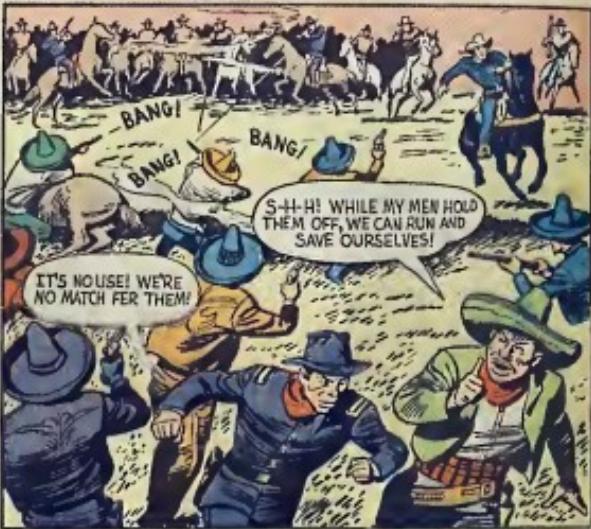
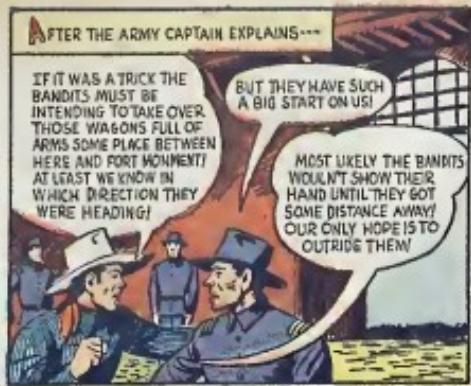


IT DOESN'T—UNLESS THE MESSAGE ONE OF THE OTHER CAPTAINS RECEIVED WAS FALSE!

WHAT MESSAGE?



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



Pursued by the Pirates

A DREAMLAND DRAMA ... FEATURING "RED" WALKER



RIIGHT AFTER
READING A BOOK
ABOUT BLOODTHIRSTY
BUCCANEERS, "RED"
DROPS INTO
DREAMLAND...



"— MY BALL-BANDS HAVE THE
BUILT-IN SPEED AND COMFORT
I'LL NEVER GIVE UP!"

ONLY BALL-BAND HAS THE EXCLUSIVE ARCH-GARD

ARCH-GARD GIVES THE LONG ARCH NEEDED

SUPPORT FOR MORE COMFORT AND GREATER PROTECTION.

ARCH-GARD CUSHIONS THE HEEL AND EASES RUNNING AND JUMPING SHOCK.

ARCH-GARD CUSHIONS THE METATARSAL ARCH TO PREVENT TIRING OF FOOT MUSCLES.

ARCH-GARD

CUSHIONS THE

HEEL AND EASES

RUNNING AND

JUMPING SHOCK.

ARCH-GARD

CUSHIONS THE

METATARSAL ARCH TO

PREVENT TIRING OF

FOOT MUSCLES.



LOOK FOR THE RED BALL--SIGN
OF THE BEST BUY IN CANVAS
SHOES -- IN THE STORE AND ON
THE SOLE OF THE SHOE.



Ball TRADE MARK **Band**

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. 1501

MISAKAWA, IND.



CLUB MEMBERS AND FANS! LOOK WHAT'S HERE! A BRAND NEW, HANDSOMELY DESIGNED SWEATER MADE ESPECIALLY FOR YOU. IT'S EXACTLY WHAT THOUSANDS OF FANS HAVE ASKED FOR. MADE OF FINEST QUALITY, 100% VIRGIN WOOL AND FULLY GUARANTEED

Only \$3.95 each!

**Money refunded if
not satisfied.**

**CAPTAIN MARVEL
woven right into
sweater.**

**Send no money—
pay postman on arrival.**

**Beauty and value beyond
description.**

**Ideal Birthday and Xmas
Gifts.**

**Sold by leading department
stores.**



CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB • Greenwich, Conn.

Please send CAPTAIN MARVEL Sweaters checked below.
I will pay postman \$3.95 each, plus postage, on arrival.
(We pay postage if remittance is enclosed)

Comes in Sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14

HOW MANY	COLOR COMBINATIONS	SIZES PLEASE
	MAIZE, Red and Brown	
	LUSTRE BLUE, Red and Navy	
	White, Red and Navy	

NAME ADDRESS

CITY STATE



Girls
Boys

GET YOUR PRIZE

This Easy Way



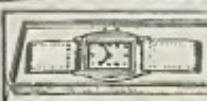
American
made Pocket
Watch. Leather
fob—good luck
charm. Sell one
order.

TOOL KIT



With
Holster,
Belt and
Lariat.
Sell one
order.

DRESSER SET



A beautiful Wrist Watch. Your
choice of Boy's or Girl's Model.
Sell one order plus \$1.50.

HI BOB, THAT'S
A SWELL CAMERA.
BUT DON'T THEY
COST A LOT?

THEY DO—
BUT THIS ONE
DIDN'T COST ME
A CENT.

MANY MORE PRIZES FOR YOU SEE THE BIG PRIZE BOOK.

SHOW HOME MOVIES



Movie projector with 50 ft. of
Cowboy Film. Sell one order
of Xmas Packs plus \$3.50.

ELECTRIC TRAIN



Your choice of Bride or Brides-
maid Doll. Sell one order
of Xmas Packs.

JEWELRY

ALSO GIFTS FOR MOTHER AND DAD



HEY
FELLA'S!
MATT
RED
RIDER
A fast
shooting
1000-shot Air
Rifle. Sell one order
plus \$2.00.

LOOK THEM OVER—TAKE YOUR CHOICE

Every year thousands of Boys and Girls get these swell prizes for themselves and gifts for Mother and Dad. Many prizes shown here and over 20 others in our Big Prize Book are GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST for selling 40 Christmas Packs of 10c each. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money as stated in the Big Prize Book.

It is easy to sell these pretty Christmas Packs to your family, friends, and neighbors. Each pack contains 96 sparkling Christmas Seals in brilliant colors—a big value. When sold, send us the money and choose your prize from the Big Prize Book, or, if you prefer, take 1/2 cash commission. Many Boys and Girls sell the packs in one day and get their PRIZE AT ONCE! You can too, so start NOW... What a thrill you'll get when you open that Big Prize Book and see those 60 swell prizes to choose from—and they're all so easy to get.

Mail the coupon today for Christmas Packs and that BIG PRIZE BOOK, tell us what prize you want.

OUR 31st YEAR SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU
AMERICAN SPECIALTY COMPANY

Dept. 603 Lancaster, Pa.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO.,

IT SHOULDN'T
BE SO EXPENSIVE
HOW COME?

I SOLD XMAS PACKS
TO MY FAMILY FRIENDS
AND NEIGHBORS AT
10¢ EACH.



BASKETBALL



A fine camera complete with
carrying case. Sell only one
order of Xmas Packs.

CHEMISTRY SET



HEY
FELLA'S!
MATT
RED
RIDER
A fast
shooting
1000-shot Air
Rifle. Sell one order
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AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO.,

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—Red Ryder

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COWBOY CARBINE

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Looks, feels, handles like a real western cowboy gun. Carbine Ring with Leather Thong attached. Red Ryder name, horse, braided on stock.

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